

RUANDA

africa

published bi-monthly by The White Sisters

NOVEMBER - DECEMBER 1959

africa

1959
NOV.-DEC.

Sr. Jacques deC

Editor

Charles R. Hawk

Lay-out, Art

AFRICA, Volume XIV, Number 5, is edited and published bi-monthly, September-May, with ecclesiastical approbation by the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa (White Sisters) Office of Publication: White Sisters, 319 Middlesex Ave., Metuchen, New Jersey. Annual subscription, \$2.00. Entered as second class matter December 15, 1931, at the Post Office of Metuchen, New Jersey, under the act of March 3, 1879.



RUANDA

editorial

Ruanda has been called...

"The African Switzerland" Land of 1,000 Hills and 9 Volcanoes, Country of the Mountains of the Moon, Kingdom of "Royal" Shepherds, Drummers and Dancers.

RUANDA in the heart of Central Africa, in Africa's Great Lakes Region . . . 1,000 miles from the Indian Ocean and 2,600 miles from the Atlantic . . . Ruanda is all it has been called — and more!

I REMEMBER — never to forget — a rapid trip on a "scenic railway" through this country of volcanoes. The winding route from the British Protectorate of Uganda to Kivu and Ruanda, both Belgian territories, ran along the side of precipitous mountains and climbed to dizzying heights of glacial coldness, where one glance took in an indescribable panorama of mountain peaks piercing the clouds; rugged slopes covered with wild vegetation; and bottomless precipices, over which swung palm trees and giant lianas.

Mighty monuments of nature's grandeur, comparable to those of Abyssinia, "backbone of Africa"! The mountains of Ruanda, in a gigantic maze, rise to heights of more than 10,000 feet. Its volcanoes soar from 12,000 to 15,000 feet into the sky.

Lower down, at an average altitude of 5,000 feet, Ruanda is an "immense village," a plain dotted with small hills on which clusters of plantations of coffee, cotton, sorghum, manioc, potatoes and maize gradually rise, tier upon tier. Vast fields of money-producing pyrethrum add to the country the gay note of red, white and yellow flowers.

The nine mission posts of the White Sisters in Ruanda are situated in one of the most beautiful regions imaginable. Let us look at Nyunda, where His Excellency, Msgr. Bigirumwami resides:

"Built on the lowest slopes of the high mountains which border the western shores of Lake Kivu, the mission of Nyundo is like a promontory extending into the plain of hardened lava. Quite green near the mission — because of the many banana plantations, the area's most ancient source of revenue — this plain becomes more and more barren as our gaze

turns to the newest lava deposits. Here and there cones of numerous little craters stand erect like advance sentinels of the gigantic 'Nyragongo,' which ever reddens the night with the glow from its flaming crater.

"To the west, almost at the horizon, a long white strip: it is Lake Kivu, its waters gleaming like the sun.

"To the east, 15,200-foot-high 'Karisimbi': culminating point of a chain of volcanoes, its peak is a perpetual glacier."

Throughout the country, amid innumerable banana plantations, the homes — earthen huts with thatched roofs — shelter the densest population of all Africa: 2,551,150 inhabitants. The Congo, 43 times the size of Ruanda-Urundi, has scarcely three times the population.

And it is in this that Ruanda, like Urundi a land great by nature, attractive because of the uniqueness and vitality of its people, becomes a LAND OF PROBLEMS.

. . . Economic problems, very different from those of her neighbor, the Congo.

. . . The problem of overpopulation, for the population constantly increases.

. . . The problem of an overabundance of cattle, which impoverishes the land.

The erosion of the soil and, consequently, poverty. In a country of immense herds — a million horned beasts, a million goats, one hundred thousand sheep — 60 per cent of the children are undernourished. There are few who eat meat even once a week. Many have it only once a year.

Like all the young countries of Africa today, Ruanda, in full intellectual, political and social evolution, has its problems. Crises which arise from time to time cannot but alarm those who love this country and its people, those who have its human and spiritual progress at heart.

For it goes without saying that these diverse problems presenting themselves to Ruanda, and her ever-hastening evolution, will not be without influence on the future life and religion of the country.

Ruanda, like Urundi, is a privileged land where, in 1927, "the Spirit breathed like a tornado" and brought its people towards the Church and the sacraments. In an impetuous torrent — like the waterfall that descends the rugged sides of the Ruanda Mountains — there were mass conversions.

Within 60 years (the first missionaries arrived in 1900) more than half the population has turned to Christianity!

But it is not enough to conquer. These throngs of Christians must be directed and guided. Leadership must be provided for the youth — a youth eager for knowledge and progress.

The work of the education and formation of the Christians in Ruanda is overwhelming, the missionaries too few, the resources in most cases insufficient — without mention of the apostolate to be pursued among the millions still pagan.

"For the 21,000 Christians of our extremely large parish," a missionary declares, "about 7,000 or 8,000 attend Mass on Sunday at a mission where there is only a temporary chapel. They follow the Divine

Worship under the burning sun in the dry season and in the torrential downpours in the rainy season. Their only shelter is the trees which border the road.

"Our 6,700 catechumens huddle together in four poor chapels, 25 by 18 feet. Most of these, too are forced to remain outside.

"Of our 2,700 Christian children, only 500 are able to go to school, and those in shabby huts penetrated by the wind and rain, just as in their own homes. In order to instruct this little world we would need 50 classes. We have only five . . ."

Some of these schools under the care of the White Sisters in Ruanda number 4,000 children.

Imagine the immensity of the problem and the distress of the missionary confronted with a limited staff and means as he faces the irresistible pressure of evolution, of the current ideologies that abound today! Ruanda is in every sense of the word a land of volcanoes and impetuous torrents.

"It is not without anxiety," wrote Abbot J. Molenzi, a native priest of Ruanda, "it is not without anxiety that the shepherds see their sheep compelled to be left alone while materialism creeps in from all sides.

"It is in this realm above all that Ruanda needs the Catholic West. It alone can furnish her with the instructors that she lacks.

"More, it is of crucial import to disperse the cloud of 'mystery' that still, in spite of all, surrounds Africa; to bend over her problems and to win her over and preserve her for Christ, as long as she permits."

Sr. Jacques de Compostelle, W.S.



Photo AFRICA FILMS

THE OLD - THE NEW

***Africa,
with its original customs
always produces something new and strange***

Because of the serious uprisings which have taken place recently in Ruanda, a territory governed by Belgium under the auspices of the United Nations, the country has placed itself in the spotlight on the present African Scene.

Following a persistent tension between the Bahutu Democratic Party and the Batutsi feudal system which became more acute each day, violent disturbances broke out which brought to light the deep wound that exists in the midst of Ruandan Society.

We know that during the past two years, attention has been drawn to the urgent necessity of taking efficacious measures for establishing a democracy in Ruanda-Urundi.

In the face of the emancipation of other African peoples, it is both formal and reasonable that the Ruandese also should desire and seek self-government.

On the same grounds, it is impossible that the masses of the Bahutu Tribe, numbering four million people, should continue to accept to live in servitude to the ruling families of the Batutsi Tribe to which they have been subjected for the past eight centuries.

Two years ago, the representatives of the Bahutu elite published a shaded and moderate manifesto in which they made the following demands:

- (1) The end of Tutsi racial superiority
- (2) The end of serfdom.
- (3) the establishment of a real democracy
- (4) equality for all the people of Ruanda

In this issue of AFRICA, we are striving to give the reader a brief insight into the splendid country of Ruanda, which seems to be a summary in itself of the very grave problems which are rending Africa from North to South at the present hour.

LAND OF THE SHEPHERD KINGS

IN THE VERY HEART OF AFRICA, a fierce mountain bastion . . . a lost world where time stood still . . . a country of shepherd-kings and patriarchal customs, tenacious survivors of biblical times . . . a land where peaceful nature also reigned: this was Ruanda, an African Tibet, where black magic was a form of government and an instrument of conquest and domination.

Then, at the close of the last century, the white man came. By virtue of his arms and material power, he imposed his authority. The German occupation followed. Of short duration—just over fifteen years—this occupation was, both politically and econom-

ically, little more than nominal. Lacking depth, its traces disappeared as quickly as the wake of a ship upon the surface of the ocean.

In August, 1919, the four principal allied powers conferred on Belgium the mandate to administer Ruanda, as well as the neighboring kingdom of Urundi. This was officially confirmed by the League of Nations in July, 1922.

An arduous task faced the new rulers of this land, only lightly touched by its fleeting contacts with civilization, an archaic, feudal state in a modern age.

In less than thirty years, 8,000 miles of motor roads furrowed these hitherto inaccessible regions,

Photos Belgian Govt-Inf Center



Photos Inforcongo



NEW

OLD

"The first Tutsi are said to have come into Ruanda-Urundi from heaven and to have been endowed by God with qualities making them particularly fit to command. Hutu and Twa are stereotyped as impulsive and very greedy, whereas the Tutsi show a remarkable self-control. They liked people to believe that they ate nothing except milk and beer, and never took meals publicly. Their servants were forbidden to reveal what their masters had been offered."

From "THE CONGO"

reaching out weblike into the furthest corners of the land. From nothing, towns with avenues, public buildings, schools, hospitals and shops have sprung up. Thousands of acres of marshland have been drained or irrigated, making further land available for cultivation. The summits of the hills have been reforested to remedy climatic deficiencies, and the steep slopes have been protected against erosion.

In the heart of the bush, missions and dispensaries bring the comfort of their humanitarian actions. Education becomes more and more widespread in rural areas and the Government endeavors wake up the

population and interest them in political life and social reform.

RUANDA appears to the traveler as a land of contrasts where the latest ideas of modern technical progress exist side by side with the twilight of biblical times.

YESTERDAY, a world largely unknown. TODAY, a land where men are learning to live together as one community. A TRANSFORMATION which proves the remark by Rabelais, borrowed from Pliny:

"AFRICA, WITH ITS OLD CUSTOMS, ALWAYS PRODUCES SOMETHING NEW AND STRANGE."

photos Inforcongo



**KIGERI V
SUCCEEDS
MUTARA III**



the late MWAMI



the new MWAMI



RUANDA HAS A NEW MWAMI, a new King. On July 25, Charles Mutara III died suddenly in Usumbura and was succeeded by Jean-Baptiste Ndahindurwa, who reigns under the name of KIGERI V.

The new Mwami was born in 1935. After attending primary school first in Nyanza, capital of Ruanda, and later in Astrida, he spent four years at the Marist Brothers Institute at Nyangezi (Kivu). In 1956 he was appointed Territorial Secretary in Astrida, where he became acquainted with the administrative organization of the country.

The late King was under twenty years of age when the Trusteeship authorities, who had indicted and deposed his father, called upon him on November 16, 1931, to take over the country's highest office.

Charles Mutara III Rudahigwa, strongly attached to the ancient traditions of his country but fully aware of the new values introduced by the Mandatory Power, assumed his

new responsibilities in a country profoundly divided by the deposition of his father.

Mission educated, Mutara III was not baptized until 1946, with the then Governor-General as his godfather. Shortly afterwards he solemnly consecrated his country to Christ the King—and thereafter, each year he renewed the consecration in the name of all his people.

Throughout his reign, the Mwami's efforts were directed mainly towards improvement of living conditions of the Ruandese. He promoted a more intense growing of food crops to combat the endemic famines then decimating the population. He encouraged the introduction of new crops, including coffee which is today the territory's main source of income.

Swamp drainage and reforestation aroused his intense interest, to the extent that he himself took an active part in the work. Social affairs and the problems of education also won his support.



ORIGIN OF THE PROBLEM IN RUANDA

MUTUTSI ELDER



WHEN THE MUTUTSI set up his tent at the borders of Ruanda centuries ago, it does not seem that the Muhutu, already established in the country, thought of repelling him. The Hamitic nomad did not come as an armed conqueror, nor as a colonizer of a primitive and under-developed country; he was a shepherd, in search of pastures for his flocks, ready to make any concessions, in order to be authorized to settle on these lands.

The Mututsi succeeded in entering the country, in penetrating it to its heart little by little. Gradually he became its master.

Once he acquired power, he did not relinquish it. How he came to have this supreme power, almost

MUTUTSI SHEPHERD



Photos Infor Congo

800 years ago; how he maintained it up to now, is what we shall try to recall in a few lines.

The political conquest of the Mututsi in the Bahutu country can be divided into four phases of unequal length:

1. The Mututsi, clever immigrant, tries to win the favor and the hospitality of the powerful Muhutu, master of the land.
2. To achieve his purposes, the Mututsi reluctantly makes an alliance and blood pact with the Muhutu.
3. The Mututsi gradually achieves power.
4. A Mututsi becomes the Mwami, supreme leader, supported by a feudal system.

As a result of the recent riots in Ruanda, and considering the actual critical situation of his country, King Kigeri V judged that it was his duty to remain among his people, and to decline an invitation of King Beaudoin to flee to Belgium until the crisis should subside.

DECLARATION OF THE GOVERNMENT

The recent declaration of the Belgian government on Ruanda-Urundi constitutes a program which is both daring and wise, and which is meant to lead the populations to the democracy which they demand as the only possible way to independence. Briefly, here the principal points of the program:

1. To end the subordination of Ruanda and Urundi to the Government of the Congo. (A Governor appointed by Belgium will govern both Ruanda and Urundi.)

2. To limit the joint administration to the two countries to the domains of currency and customs.

3. To establish a government in both Ruanda and Urundi.

4. To hold communal elections during the first half of 1960.

5. To hold elections during the second half of 1960, for two Councils (legislative and executive), who, with the Mwami, will exercise a progressive legislative power in each country. Judicial power will remain under the Governor General.

In addition to this legislative power, the Mwami, with the Resident acting as consultant, will appoint a local government. Ruanda and Urundi will determine the formula of independence for their respective countries, for their mutual association, and for their collaboration with Belgium.

MUHUTU



The first phase lasted hardly any time at all. The Mututsi arrived in the country without weapons; he had no idea of fighting. But even if he had such thoughts, his smaller numbers would have prevented him from thinking that way. He had only peaceful means. He tried to form bonds of friendship with the Muhutu. By his services rendered, by his frequent presents, by his kindness, by his courtesy, by his tact of which he is a virtuoso without equal, the Mututsi quickly succeeded in winning the warm regard of the powerful Muhutu. When the Mututsi freely offered to the Muhutu the milk of the cow of which he knew the secret, a beverage as strange as it was delicious, the friendship of the Muhutu became unbreakable.

MUTWA (PIGMY)



The latter was happy to have henceforth for a fellow-countryman this man as astonishing in his build as in the delicacy of his features and in his goodness.

The Mututsi made use of this good understanding and consolidated his friendship with the Muhutu in a very intelligent manner. He chose his wife from among the strong young Bahutu women and gave his daughters and sisters in marriage to the Bahutu. All these unions increased the Mututsi contingent. The Mututsi also proposed the blood pact to the most powerful of the Bahutu, thus sealing the friendship with a sacred bond. It is said that the violation of this pact could lead to the greatest misfortunes and bring a curse upon those who failed in their promises.

ORIGIN OF THE PROBLEM CONTINUED

Thus it was that without firing a shot the Mututsi imperceptibly become master of the power. Concepts of strangers, visitors, newcomers, disappeared and gave way to those of uncle, aunt, nephew, cousin, grandfather, mother-in-law, etc. . . . There was now only a single community of families and clans related to each other. Nothing more remained than to organize this great family.

The Mututsi took charge of it.

His reasoning was the following: A supreme arbitrator was necessary to settle differences, maintain peace—a common father who maintained the union of the families and the clans; a guardian and a defender of the territory; in one word, a Mwami. The advice pleased everyone. Therefore, a Mwami was chosen, and, as could be predicted, he was a Mututsi. The qualities of the Batutsi—their wisdom, their political sense and their fearlessness—everything pointed to them to supply a Mwami.

What were the recognized powers of the Mwami?

He was the embodiment of all possible and imaginable powers: over the cattle, the lands, the pastures; over the women and children of all Ruanda; in short, power over all that existed in the country, even to power over life and death. The Mwami of Ruanda, of which the boundaries were still limited, was then nearly deified and everyone recognized his sacred character. The "buhake" system, establishing a bond of servitude by a cow given in usufruct, found in this event its most unshakable justification.

Then the Batutsi began to court their brother who had become Mwami, sacred king. By giving presents, offering their services, they did everything they could to please the sovereign and obtain his favors. Jealousy, grudges, gossip did not delay in poisoning the atmosphere of the royal retinue. Out of his element, the Muhutu yielded his place to the Mututsi, and he had no alternative but to seek "buhake" and protection from the Mututsi, yesterday still his equal. The Mwami distributed, according to his will, some of his powers among his brother Batutsi. Everything was placed in a fief (feudal estate): the cattle, the pastures, the hills, the regions that the Mwami had in the meantime conquered with weapons, enlarging the initial Ruanda at the expense of his neighbors. Since the Mwami possessed unlimited powers

and notably, the power over life and death, no one could prevent these arbitrary donations. Against the person and will of the Mwami, there was no recourse provided, no opposition possible. The Bahutu were thus evicted from their ancient rights; they lost their honor and became the servants of their former visitors and friends; an order was established, based on inequality and injustice.

When the Europeans entered the country, the Mututsi quickly recognized the incomparable military superiority of the white man. Routed from his first offensive in Shangugu, through shots fired by a sentry, he understood that any direct counterattack was doomed to be repulsed and that any attempt at resistance would be in vain.

The Mututsi preferred to win the friendship of the new government. Keeping a stiff upper lip, he submitted to his fate. Thanks to the indirect policy employed by the Belgian Government, which became trustee after the departure of the Germans, the Mututsi could remain in power. Was it not by leaning upon the native authority that the tutelary power administered the country? To tell the truth, the principles of equity for which the Belgians wanted to win acceptance in the domains of justice, propriety, liberty and human rights baffled the Mututsi and made him doubt the shrewdness of the European.

The latter appeared to be more of a technician to him, a sort of magician rather than a diplomat, as the still current Kinyaruanda expressions prove: *Abazungu ntibazi ubwenge* (the Europeans are not evil), *ubwenge bu'abazungu* (European intelligence). If the Mututsi recognizes in the European his ability in the technical field—electricity, physics, mathematics, etc.—he deprecates his lack of cunning. To know how to disguise the truth, to sidetrack someone without awakening the slightest suspicion is a skill which is missing in the European and which the Mututsi is proud of possessing. The genius for intrigue, the art of lying are in his eyes—arts in which he prides himself on being very clever. That is the essence of the Mututsi nature and, by contagion and defensive reflex, of all Ruandese.

The present evolution of the country normally requires that these political concepts change. The hereditary title is no longer, in the twentieth century, a title for commanding. Today, it is compe-

tence which must justify responsibility. Capable and upright chiefs are needed; priority of race must give way to priority of aptitude. It is time, high time, that the structures be transformed. How can they change? It is sufficient to consider what has happened in other countries and in other periods, to form an idea of the normal process.

It seems that the evolution of peoples is the same everywhere: at the beginning, one class dominates the other, a wealthy and powerful class governs a poor class, which is scorned and oppressed. Some elements of the lower classes begin by gaining freedom, and either by their energy or knowledge succeed in inspiring respect—although one sometimes treats them as upstarts in order to humiliate them. At the same time, in the rest of the masses is created a progressive awakening of consciousness of the abnormal situation in which it is and a growing desire to get out of it. The sentiment of injustice which the Roman plebians felt for the patricians, and the serfs for the lords under the Old Regime, is that

which the Bahutu today feel for the Batutsi. They seek their freedom, their accession to a free and equal world for all.

Thus it is this light that one must view the manifestoes, the articles which follow one another at an increasingly rapid rate. History teaches us that when demands arrive at this point of maturity, they end fatally in revolutions or in civil wars, if those in authority do not give a satisfactory reply. Do such disorders threaten Ruanda? I would dare neither to confirm nor to deny it; but it appears certain to me that the time has come to find a solution which, safeguarding the interests of both Bahutu and Batutsi, establishes an equitable social peace and preserves the country from fratricidal struggles. Is it not the task of Belgium (the tutelary nation) to find the solution today?

Father Stanislas Bushayija
Mututsi Ruanda Priest

Foot note: The people in Ruanda are referred to as Tutsi, Hutu and Twa—a man is called a Mututsi, a Muhutu or a Mutwa—the plural forms are Batutsi or Watutsi, Bahutu, Batwa respectively.





ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL traditions at the Court of Ruanda is undoubtedly that of the royal drums which beat at the retirement and the rising of the King.

Dusk has come to Nyanza. The court of the royal residence is drowned in a bluish shadow. The dignitaries, in long robes, are standing around him and in the court. In the center are the drums. There are four of them, three large ones and a small one. On the latter a mere child, but a virtuoso, sketches the rhythmic themes which will be repeated, interpreted, developed by the drum ensemble. These rhythms will change numerous times during the half-hour ceremony. They will be different tomorrow, and each of the days to come.

The three large drums, which are more than four feet high, each has a different sound. One has an extraordinary depth, an infinitely velvety quality. The performance begins on a single sustained note which is scarcely perceptible, then little by little the sound is amplified, the rhythms take form, are abandoned, repeated, developed. The sounds achieve a

marvelous climax which one listens to somewhat breathlessly, knowing that it will stop, that this unique moment will end.

The rhythm is so varied, so prodigiously musical that it compensates for the absence of melody. These dramatic sounds penetrate and captivate; one listens, loses all sense of time, of this world . . .

And after the drums, nothing more, a profound silence. The mauve skies, the most beautiful head-dress of unmerciful Africa, are dotted with stars as brilliant as crystal. The moon is powerless to rival the radiant brightness of the heavens.

Africa is never silent, and the nights are alive with indistinct sounds, dominated by the chirping of crickets. In the court, all is quiet. There is only the moon in its fullness, shining over the hills and valleys.

With the coming of day, the drums recommence. And today, we shall see the famous dances of the Court of Nyanza, which take place only on very special occasions.

The musicians are wrapped in long red skirts, and their orchestra of horns and gongs is rudimentary. A melody of ten notes, tirelessly repeated, perfectly accompanies the extraordinary dances which unfold before the King.

The dancers are page-boys of the Palace, specially-trained Batutsi and Batwa. The latter, small, wiry, bearded, are veritably fawn-like and dance in the most frenzied manner that may be seen. One cannot imagine such rhythm, such fury. Moreover, the dance is nearly their reason for being, because they do scarcely anything but that, outside of hunting and crude pottery work.

The hangmen as well as the clowns of the ancient courts were always the Batwa. And no penalty can be decreed against a Mutwa which would risk making the King look foolish, for the Mutwa is considered neither man nor animal. He is a Mutwa, not more.

Batwa and Batutsi wear the same dance costume: a long white skirt covered by another shorter one, adorned with long fringes, and with black, red, and yellow geometric designs. Two strings of woven pearls are surmounted by a headband from which emerges a sort of hanging headpiece of fine, white fibres, which fall behind and stream over the shoulders.

How could one describe this dance? There are leaps, frantic contortions, now in a group filled with warlike madness, now with soloists who dance nearly in place, their arms extended, holding the bow in one hand, the assagai in the other. Their bodies are streaked with mysterious, rather frightening, wavy lines. Their faces are inverted and only the whites of their eyes are seen in the slits of their eyelids. They are dance personified, rhythm incarnate.

They beat the ground with their heels, in an admirable cadence which throws around them heavy iron bells from the bracelets encircling their ankles. Helpers nimbly run among the dancers, pick up the bells with almost incredible rapidity.

Then, the orchestra becomes silent. The dancers, in an extremely rapid tone of incantation, recite in turn a sort of poem. Each one improvises, in an archaic, purely poetic language. It tells of the enemy, of his guile and of the courage which will be needed to overthrow him. Then, during this recitative, which becomes more and more shrill, all briefly mimic the battle in a rhythmic dance with bells.

The spectacle is stupendously impressive and has all the somber beauty of Dark Africa, at once mysterious and open, savage and civilized . . . but, always, profoundly gripping.

J. P. Saille

WHITE SISTERS



Photos Infor Congo

Christmas



... in Ruanda ...

Divine Babe of Bethlehem
Bless the benefactors of Africa
Those who, in Thy name
Have bestowed on it their help,
Their abundance,
Their love . . . their very life.

Bless those generous and devoted hearts
With Thy full measure,
Heaping and overflowing.

May Peace . . . that peace dear to all men
Thy PEACE . . . O Lord Jesus,
Fill the hearts of all Africans
May Thy peace be in the hearts of those
who love Africa
May Thy blessed and living charity unite us
all in Thee.

Jerome Mbala, C.S.Sp.
African Priest

We must love one another
If we are to understand one another . . .
Above all frontiers
Of language, race and nation,
Above all our ignorance,
Prejudices, enmities,
Above all intellectual
And spiritual barriers,
Divine Babe of Bethlehem, Unite us!

I MET AN ARTIST

The other day on the way to Ruanda I met an artist, as yet but little known, who seems very promising. The White Fathers of Sare "invented" him, and if his art does not become commercialized and orders for work do not spoil him, I think he will one day enjoy renown.



THE ARTIST

HIS NAME IS LADISLAS KARAMA. Forty years of age, he is a Catholic, married to a Catholic and father of a family. He was born in a little village about three miles away from Save, in one of the picturesque round huts that cling to the mountainside and are shaded by the luxuriant foliage of a banana plantation. As a boy, he looked after the cattle, as does every little bushboy, taking them out to pasture among the softly undulating hills, leading them home at sunset, their unusually long upwardcurving horns getting intermingled as they make their way with slow majesty into the kraol.

All unknown to him in his early years, he was being saturated with the gently captivating charm of the pure, harmonious lines of the rounded hills, the play of light and shadow on the dark background of the mountains, the pale gold of the sky at sunset. In all probability he took but little notice of it, for few Africans are appreciative of landscape beauty, but the mere fact of being surrounded by so much light and harmony must have left its imprint on his soul.

Most little black children begin clay modelling at an early age — four or five — and Ladislas was no exception. His productions, naturally, passed unnoticed among those of his fellows, and school soon provided him with other interests.

It was when, like other teen-age boys, he was smitten with admiration for the military uniform that he turned back to clay as a medium for expressing his enthusiasm. His hands, as yet unskilled, produced an amusing little statue that Ladislas eagerly showed to the White Fathers. They were not slow to see in it great possibilities.

What was most striking in this figure, that has been kept in the show-room of the Karama studio so as to show how far the artist has travelled since this first amateur effort, is the scrupulous attention to detail, especially in portraying the uniform. In an entrancing little Munyaruanda Madonna, only six or seven inches high, can be seen the same fidelity to detail in reproducing the hair style of the Banyaruanda women; the tiny curls can almost be counted one by one. This attention to detail, characteristic of many African artists, is very marked in Karama's work. Does the reason lie in the character of ethnic symbolism, as to the manner of filing the teeth, arranging the hair and other traditional practices? It

is hard to say. What cannot be denied is that this almost photographic precision of detail gives a striking realism to the work as a whole. This comes out with still greater emphasis when the artist portrays typical native life.

THE SOURCE OF HIS INSPIRATION

His work is most felicitous when reproducing models seen in everyday life. Villagers who have put themselves into the hands of the witch-doctor or medicine-man, incidents of life in the bush — these works are impregnated with life and movement to an extraordinary degree. They bear little resemblance to the traditional Negro sculptures almost hieratically static in style and inspired often by religious motives and ancestral worship.

Examining his work a little closer, we find: a woman drawing water from the spring, noble, slender, well-set, as every Munyaruanda woman. She carries her pitcher on her head and walks straight ahead without looking to right or left. The fine features of her pretty face are stamped with the calm serenity and passive resignation characteristic of the women of this country.

—Here is a poor sufferer being cupped by the medicine-man, and indescribable suffering is on his face, only equalled by his resignation, that is just as apparent.

—Quite different is the witch doctor's client, anxious and agitated by fear, while the sorcerer, solemn and full of his own importance, gives a consultation with the aid of his magic knucklebones.

All these achieve perfection of life, realism, truth. When it comes to religious subjects, Karama is less happy. His first attempt at making a crib was obviously influenced by the European cribs he had seen and he only found himself again when he came to the Magi, whom he provided with specifically African gifts; the shepherds; and visitors of his own such as the kind villager bringing a heavy load of firewood to Our Lady, as does every well-brought-up Munyaruanda when he goes to the home of a young mother. He then realized that it is not necessary for a Christian to leave his customs and habits, his code of good manners and his way of life, that are the wealth and originality of his human capital. This is truly native art.

KARAM'S SUCCESS

Unfortunately, Africans themselves cannot always see that art and beauty in religion are to be found in their own culture. They are still too imbued with European formalism that they knew in their first awakening to Christianity. African priests cannot take to this lovely Lady of the Visitation and they would prefer Karama to give them a statue of Our Lady of Lourdes in imitation of the expressionless models turned out in series, or a crucifix of the same order, with no feeling of life in it. The White Fathers try to control such orders so as not to spoil the artist's hand.

Among the African nuns and novices there was almost scandal when they first saw the statue of Our Lady of Africa or other black Madonnas. A touching group of the taking down from the cross, done by a Uganda artist, awoke no response to its realism and deep sense of piety. They seem to have an odd sort of inferiority complex, that makes them think they

lower religion by clothing it with their own feelings, emotions and expressions. It will take a long time for them to see Our Lord and the Blessed Mother as truly theirs. Though now they think in terms of the historical Mary, some day they will reach the state of development that produced the Chinese Madonnas of Lee Van Dee and Chang Woo Sun, the Hindu Mothers of God, the Italian Madonnas of Botticelli and the Flemish Virgins of Memling.

We must be patient and remember that "impatience to give, sometimes makes us forget we must first receive." We must be ready to learn from the Africans, trying to tune our sensibilities to theirs, since the role of the Missionary Church is not to transplant a Western religion but to plant a tiny Christian seed in non-Christian soil, then let it grow freely under the impulse of the Holy Spirit.

Sr. John Chrysostom, W.S.



Photos Belgian Govt. Inf. Center

RUANDA

"CULT OF THE COW"

For all, rich or poor, Batutsi or Bahutu, the cow is the dream of dreams, even if the dreamer already had 10,000 head of fat cattle! The possession of herds is for all a gauge of earthly joy and the height of future happiness. This happiness will consist in the tending of herds on the summit of the volcano Muliabura, of drinking day and night a milk without equal, and of smoking peerless tobacco.

No one, however, is in a hurry to reach these celestial pastures! "That which is Ruanda is agreeable enough," they say.

Let us watch a Ruandan poet gazing at his cow. He views the head of his beast, mottled with brown and gray. "There," he sings, "is her multicolored necklace."

(The Ruandese have always attached an extraordinary value to pearls. A pearl that we would consider fairly common once had for them the value of a cow, and a glistening pearl necklace would purchase a number of slaves as well as superb pieces of ivory.)

Now, the hand of the poet passes slowly over the coat of the animal. He compares it to the spotted skin of a leopard and to the fringes of otter skin which hang from the sashes of the young pages who dance at the court of the king.

Contemplating the long, curved horns of his cow, he cries, "Yes, just like the rest of us Hamites, the cow is a warrior. She, too, carries a choice weapon — her horns." If the horns are thin, he compares them to the lances that the young pages carry in parade.

If they are heavy and thick, he likens them to the great javelins of the robust mountaineers.

The cow wanders slowly about in the pasture. "She is a princess who unites majesty with vivacity and steadiness with complaisance in the branches of her horns."

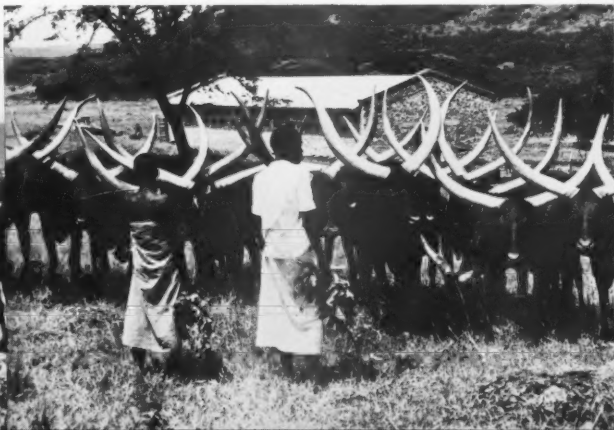
The troop of milkers descends the hills toward the water holes dug in the bed of the stream. The poet calls them "daughters of thunder." Their path is a "whirlwind which envelops the surprised herdsman."

In the midst of the general admiration, the noble beasts with their spotless hooves, their glistening and immaculate coats and their freshly-polished horns pass before the king and his court, led by a prince like a battalion on the march.

"Glory to the victors, to them the wreaths of honor! Forward they march! When they bellow, it is said that the voice of the thunder escapes the clouds. A great escort surrounds them; they are like chiefs enroute to the assembly of their equals in order to defend their rights."

Thus the Hamite poet, who had remained indifferent to the blaze of the noonday sun, to the night sky covered with stars, to the distant undulant hills blue in the twilight of evening and to the massive heights sharply silhouetted against the horizon, found in his realistic and utilitarian imagination an astonishing richness of images to praise the principal agent of his material well-being.

"In Ruanda-Urundi, one is as proud to be the owner of a beautiful herd of langhorns as, in other societies, to possess racehorses or luxury cars." — From "THE CONGO"



RUANDA

THE SOCIAL POSITION OF THE WOMAN



Photos Africa films

THE RUANDAN WOMAN IN THE PAST . . .

THE CUSTOMARY TRIBAL MARRIAGE among the Ruandese was looked upon as a union between two family groups. The young woman was not even consulted in the choice of her future husband. But the marriage was not a sale; the dowry given by the girl's family to the husband was not a price. It was rather the recognizable social sign of the validity of the marriage.

The married woman did not become the property of her husband but was more like a servant, bound to manual labor and the producing of children.

The man might beat her, drive her away or give her some rivals. If a man chose to send his wife away without returning the matrimonial money to her family, the divorce would not be final and a reconciliation was possible if the husband desired it.

The woman, however, could not dissolve the marriage nor had she the right to repel her rivals. Her

only means of obtaining the respect of the community was by hard work and, above all, fecundity.

Participating in the feasts and rites of her own family group as well as those of her husband's, she was a living symbol of fecundity and of happy understanding between the family groups without any direct responsibility on her part.

Woman's role varied slightly according to caste: the Tutsi women did not have to do unpleasant manual labor; the Hutu women were primarily tillers of the soil, to an even greater degree than the men; and the Twa women were makers of pottery, and economic activity that improved and strengthened their relations with their husbands.

The education of young girls was solely the province of the mother. The father did not have the right either to punish or reprimand them.

Photo Belgian Govt. Inf. Center



THE SOCIAL POSITION OF THE WOMEN OF RUANDA



Photos Infor Congo

THE RUANDAN WOMAN TODAY . . .

From the arrival of the first missionaries in 1900 until the end of World War II, the formal education of young girls did not go beyond the bare rudiments and was intended for the daughters of Christian parents only. This brief schooling over, the children fell once again under the influence of their customary milieu and their education became valueless.

After the last war, great changes took place. The social and economic contacts between the people of Ruanda and foreigners of every origin were greatly intensified. New schools were opened for young girls, including teacher-training centers and nursing schools.

A new way of life, thrust upon the people, affected their homes, way of dressing, sanitary habits and even eating habits.

The woman is no longer cloistered but may move about freely. She seems to be conscious that the old order is on the way out and that she is truly a human being, capable of reaching goals of which her mother and grandmother did not even dream.

Saverio Naigisiki
Ruanda



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RUANDA

WHAT THE CHURCH HAS DONE

WHEN THE MISSIONARIES first came to Ruanda 60 years ago, they found waiting for them a people ready for the message of the Gospel. The Ruandan's religious disposition, his faith in One God, a Supreme Being, and his belief in a life hereafter had prepared him for Christianity. There was no need to destroy, but merely to weed out from the ancient heritage whatever superstitious or immoral elements it contained, and let it blossom in an atmosphere of purity, supernatural charity and Christian morality.

From the beginning, the missionaries strove to establish the Church in Ruanda by the formation of a native clergy and native religious communities. Ruanda has now 132 Ruandese priests: a completely independent religious community of teaching Brothers, the Josephites; and an institute of African teaching and nursing Sisters, the Benebikira. The latter counts 236 professed Sisters, spread over the entire country in 30 communities, beacons of charity and light for their racial brothers.

The Ruandese love and respect their priests and their religions.

In 1956 they were overjoyed when the Holy See raised one of their own to the episcopal dignity in the person of His Excellency Msgr. Bigirumwami.

His Excellency is in charge of the Vicariate of Nyundo in northern Ruanda, where native priests, brothers and sisters work for the conversion of their people.

The Church in Ruanda becomes more and more African. Many missions in both Vicariates are entirely in the hands of the native clergy. In many other missions the missionaries work under the leadership of a Ruandese superior. Thus, the pastoral responsibilities are more and more entrusted to the clergy of Ruanda.

A number of seminarians and Ruandese priests are university students, either at Leopoldville (Lovanium, the Catholic university directed by the Jesuit Fathers), at Louvain in Belgium, or in Rome. Many religious, young men and young women, pursue advanced studies in Belgium in the sciences, commerce, or home economics.

Catholic Action grows rapidly in Ruanda. For the adults there is the Legion of Mary; for the adolescents, the Young Catholic Worker; for grade-school children, the African movement of the Xaverians. As much as possible, the responsibilities of these movements are in the hands of Ruandese catholic action leaders.



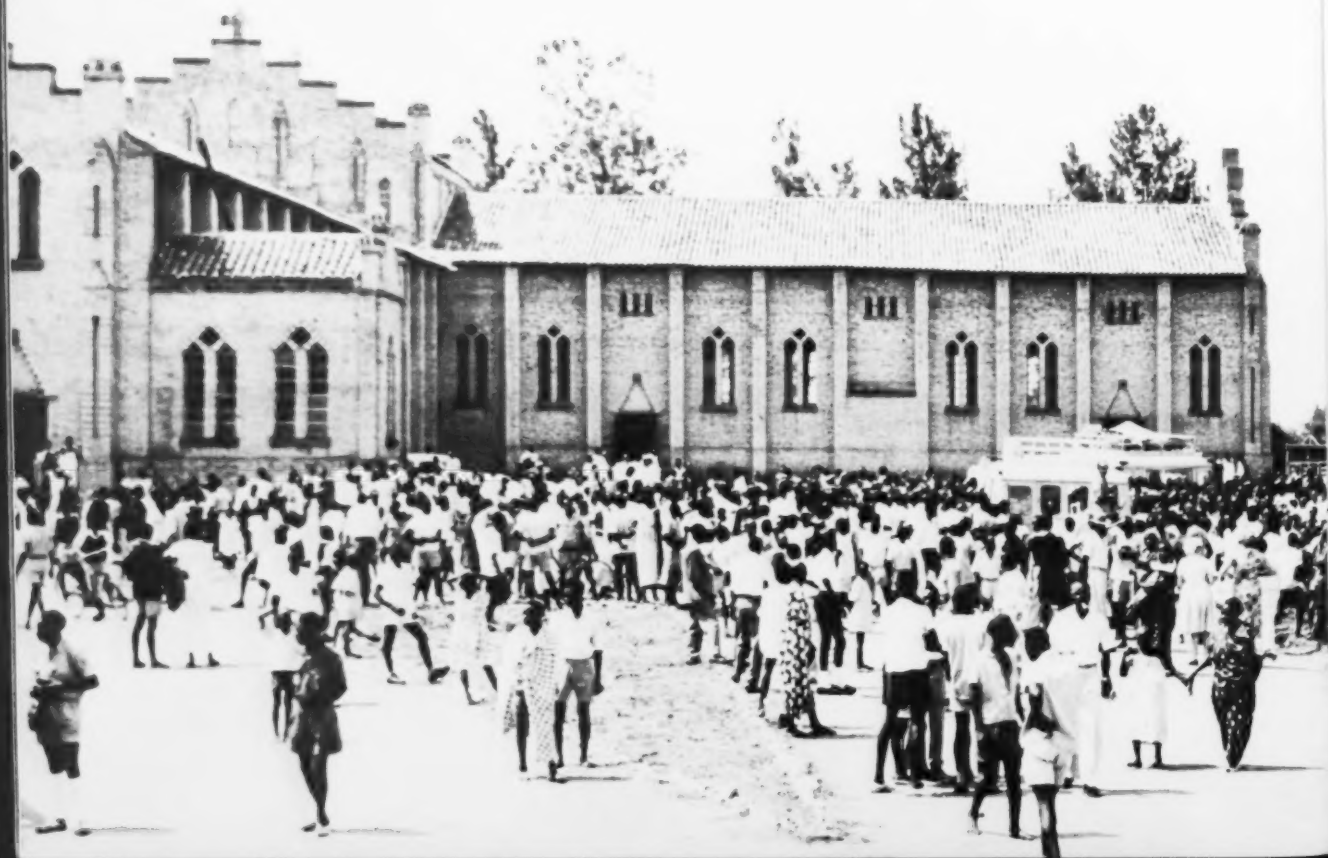
Photo AFRICA FILMS

RUANDA

LOOKING AHEAD

"According to recent studies the population is increasing at an annual rate of 3 per cent. If this rate is maintained it will double itself within forty years."

From: "The Congo"



THIS BEAUTIFUL GROWTH of the young Church does not proceed without struggle or anxiety. New obstacles are added to the old ones caused by paganism. If up to now Protestantism and Islam have encountered little success, communist infiltration on the other hand becomes more and more dangerous. About ten Ruandese are presently in Prague for Marxist indoctrination and, communistic training. This development represents a real danger to the Christian future of Ruanda.

Another danger will arise should European rule be too prolonged. Right now nationalism is growing fast and a catastrophe could result if its hopes are thwarted and remain unfulfilled. As expressed by Richard Wright in his book, "Negro Power": "At present nothing could further stimulate the communist growth in Africa than a Western effort to strangle the nationalist aspirations of the African Nations."

May God grant that such misfortune not fall on Ruanda. May the native Church, already so much alive and prosperous, be strengthened and take unshakable roots in Ruanda's soil.

The future moreover belongs to God; it is He who builds His Church. Is not this conviction the most wonderful assurance and the strongest of guarantees?

Sr. St. Alphonse, W.S.
Ruanda



Photo AFRICA FILMS



Photo Poi Laval

Photos Belgian Govt-Inf Center



PHOTO ART FRED A

WVA sends first 5 to AFRICA

THE WOMEN VOLUNTEERS FOR AFRICA, a lay organization whose center is known as Regina Africae House in Washington, D.C., has sent its first "class" of five Volunteers to work in the missions of Virika and Nkozi in Uganda. They are all trained nurses from Baltimore, Md., and have dedicated three years of service to assisting the White Sisters in hospitals and dispensaries where they will work as lay helpers in their own professions.

This organization which works in close cooperation with the White Sisters and White Fathers has as its purpose to supply lay workers where needed in the missions of Africa.

The WVA offers a training program of 10 months which includes courses in Anthropology, Sociology, Missiology and studies of the language and people with whom they will be assigned to work. During this time the participants continue to work in their own professions and live at Regina Africae House where they share a close family life under the direction of Sister M. Patrice, W.S. An introduction to the spiritual life is a basic necessity throughout this

training period and opportunities to progress spiritually and intellectually are presented.

Regina Africae House, located immediately next door to the White Sisters' House of Studies in Washington, also serves as a Social Center which welcomes foreign students and enables them to meet other lay people in their environment.

This movement was begun in accordance with the Holy Father's recent request that the WHOLE Church take an interest in Africa and its present day needs.

WVA owes its existence to the White Sisters who, through their generosity and love for Africa, have made it possible for lay helpers to lend their professional assistance for a few years or more to the African missions.

For further information regarding the qualifications for WVA trainees and possible means of assisting them on the homefront, write to:

MISS BETTY BEHREND, ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
REGINA AFRICAE HOUSE • 5401-16th St. N.W.
WASHINGTON 11, D.C.

WHITE SISTERS IN RUANDA



Like in other parts of Africa, the White Sisters in Ruanda operate schools, hospitals, dispensaries, and train young girls for the religious life. The African Sisters shown below are the "Benabikira" . . . (Daughters of Mary). Trained by the White Sisters, they play an important role in the development of their country. They give themselves wholeheartedly in the education of women and children. Several of them are presently studying in Belgium, and upon return to Ruanda, will be equipped to work with and to replace the White Sisters in secondary schools.



africa



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Printed by Sullivan Bros., Lowell, Mass.

